

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

No. 61. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Catlin's North American Gallery.—I.	98	NEW BOOKS: The Castles and Abbeys of England. By	
From the Preface to "the School for Wives," a Novel .	101	William Beattie, M.D.—Part I.	105
The Armourer of Paris, a Romance of the Fifteenth		The Etonian, and Geoffrey Selwood. By Charlotte	
Century. Chap. I.—How Perinet met Queen Isabelle's		Adams'.	106
Lover at Vincennes	101	Cupid a Butterfly; an Anacreontic, from the French of	
The Emigrant's Departure	103	Cardinal de Bernis	107
A Chapter of Blunders	103	Varieties	107

CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET.

(From CATLIN'S North American Indian Gallery.)



CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY.—I.

It must ever be a source of gratification to the conductors of the Periodical Press, to find their judgment borne out, or confirmed, by the fiat of public opinion. Such has been peculiarly the case as respects the anticipation we expressed, precisely two years since,* on the rational attractions of Catlin's Indian Gallery. Viewing this unique Collection conjointly with Schomburgk's Exhibition, (then open,) we considered that they would convey to the curious inquirer, a very minute picture of the social economy of the American Indians, North and South; their manners and customs of their respective countries and tribes; thus presenting a most interesting portraiture of the aboriginal population of the least known portion of the earth's surface. Mr. Schomburgk's Collection, from the newly-trodden wilds of Guiana, was unfortunately dispersed by sale, though not until it had been visited by the majority of the sight-seekers of the season. Mr. Catlin's Gallery, on the other hand, from its greater extent and completeness, was, for some time, intended to be purchased by the British government to add to the National Museum; and well do we recollect the words of the *Quarterly Review* upon the subject: "leaving the worthy artist's own interest completely out of the question, and, in the cause of science, casting aside all party feeling, we submit to Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lansdowne, to Sir R. Inglis, and to all who are deservedly distinguished among us, as the liberal patrons of the fine arts, that Mr. Catlin's Indian Collection is worthy to be retained in this country, as the record of a race of our fellow-creatures, whom we shall very shortly have swept from the face of the globe." Nevertheless, this opportunity of educating the eyes and hearts of the people has been lost sight of; though we do not know that half so interesting an addition has since been made to the British Museum, as Mr. Catlin's Collection must have proved to the already attractive "First Room—Upper Floor." Meanwhile, the public have by thousands inspected the Gallery at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, where Mr. Catlin has added *vis à vis* illustrations to his assemblage of real and pictorial objects; and by this means, conjoined with the highly-attested authenticity of the entire Collection, the Exhibition has retained its popularity to the present moment. Indeed, it has latterly received an impetus from Mr. Catlin's publication of "*Letters and Notes*, written during Eight years' Travel among the Wildest Tribes of Indians in North America, from 1830 to 1839;" in two volumes, with four hundred plates, carefully engraved from the author's original drawings: from one of these has been copied, by permission, the prefixed Engraving; before describing which, we shall briefly sketch the life of our enterprising traveller.

Mr. Catlin was born in Wyoming, on the banks of the Susquehanna, some thirty or forty years since, of parents who entered that famed valley soon after the close of the revolutionary war, and the disastrous event of the "Indian massacre." He describes his early life to have been "whiled away, with books reluctantly held in one hand, and a rifle or fishing-pole firmly and affectionately grasped in the other." He was bred to the law, and practised for two or three years "as a sort of Nimrodical lawyer;" when he sold his law library, and all save his rifle and fishing-tackle; and with the proceeds commenced as a painter in Philadelphia, without teacher or adviser. After he had practised the art for a few years, a delegation of some ten or fourteen Indians, from the wilds of the "Far West,"

arrived in the city, "arrayed and equipped in all their classic beauty—with shield and helmet—with tunic and manteau—tinted and tasselled off, exactly for the painter's palette! In silent and stoic dignity, these lords of the forest strutted about the city for a few days, wrapped in their pictured robes, with their brows plumed with the quills of the war eagle," and then quitted for Washington City, leaving Mr. Catlin to regret their departure. This, however, led him to consider the preservation by pictorial illustrations of the history and customs of the above people, as a theme worthy the life-time of one man; and he, therefore, resolved that nothing short of the loss of life should prevent him from visiting their country, and becoming their historian. Mr. Catlin could find no advocate or abettor of his views: still, he broke from all connexions of family and home; and thus, firmly fixed, armed, equipped, and supplied, he started in the year 1832, and penetrated the vast and pathless wilds of the great "Far West" of the North American Continent, with a light heart; inspired with an enthusiastic hope and reliance that he could meet and overcome all the hazards and privations of a life devoted to the production of a literal and graphic delineation of the living manners, customs, and character, of an interesting race of people, who are rapidly passing away from the earth—lending a hand to a dying nation, who have no historians or biographers of their own, to portray with fidelity their native looks and history; thus snatching from a hasty oblivion what could be saved for the benefit of posterity, and perpetuating it, as a fair and just monument, to the memory of a truly noble and lofty race.

Our philanthropic traveller has spent about eight years already in the Indian country, mingling with Red Men and their games and amusements, the better to familiarise himself with their superstitions and mysteries, which are the keys to Indian life and character. During the above times were penned these *Letters and Notes*, describing only such glowing or curious scenes as passed under the writer's immediate observation; leaving the early history, traditions, and language of the people for a much more elaborate work; and for which Mr. Catlin has already collected the materials.

It is impossible to regard such a labour with other than feelings of admiration. The disappearance of a race of people before the scythe of civilization, is an interesting but melancholy fact in the history of mankind: for, however beneficial may be the end, we cannot but shudder at the means; and reflect how often has the glory of enterprise been tarnished by the shortsightedness of civilised cupidity. Mr. Catlin feels, and acutely too, the wrongs of these poor miscalled savages, in saying, "so great and unfortunate are the disparities between savage and civil, in numbers—in weapons and defences—in enterprise, in craft, and in education, that the former is almost universally the sufferer, either in peace or war; and not less so after his pipe and his tomahawk have retired to the grave with him, and his character is left to be entered upon the pages of history; and that justice done to his memory which, from necessity, he has entrusted to his enemy."

Mr. Catlin's object has been to bring home some portraits of the principal personages from each tribe; views of their villages, pastimes, and religious ceremonies; and a collection of their costumes, manufactures, and weapons. He was, undoubtedly, the first artist who ever started upon such a labour, designing to carry his canvas to the Rocky Mountains; and most of his *Letters* were written and published in the New York papers, long before Washington Irving, and other tourists, visited those parts. Mr. Catlin has, as yet, by no means completed his design; though he has visited forty-eight different tribes, containing 400,000 souls, and mostly speaking different languages.

* See *Literary World*, Feb. 22, 1840.

He brought home three hundred and ten portraits in oil, all painted in their native dress, and in their own wigwags; besides two hundred paintings of their villages, wigwags, games and religious ceremonies, dances, ball-plays, buffalo-hunts, &c. containing in all, 3,000 full-length figures; together with landscapes, and a collection of costumes and other artificial produce, from the size of a wigwag to that of a rattle; and the majority of these subjects are engraved in the work before us. All this must have been an Herculean task; though Mr. Catlin's "slight, active, sinewy frame has peculiarly fitted him for the physical difficulties attendant upon such an exertion."

To a *resumé* of the Collection succeed delineations of the extraordinary people themselves, whence the following is extracted:

"The INDIANS, (as I shall call them,) the savages or red men of the forests and prairies of North America, are at this time a subject of great interest, and some importance, to the civilised world; rendered more particularly so in this age, from their relative position to, and their rapid declension from, the civilised nations of the earth. A numerous race of human beings, whose origin is beyond the reach of investigation—whose early history is lost—whose term of national existence is nearly expired—three-fourths of whose country has fallen into the possession of civilised man, within the short space of two hundred and fifty years—twelve millions of whose bodies have fattened the soil in the mean time; who have fallen victims to whisky, the small-pox, and the bayonet; leaving but a meagre proportion to live a short time longer, in the certain apprehension of soon sharing a similar fate.

"The Indians of North America are copper-coloured, with long black hair, black eyes, tall, straight, and elastic forms—are less than two millions in number—were, originally, the undisputed owners of the soil, and got their title to their lands from the Great Spirit, who created them on it,—were once a happy and a flourishing people, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of life which they knew of, and consequently, cared for; were sixteen millions in number, and sent that number of daily prayers to the Almighty, and thanks for his goodness and protection. Their country was entered by white men but a few hundred years since; and thirty millions of these are now scuffling for the goods and luxuries of life, over the bones and ashes of twelve millions of red men; six millions of whom have fallen victims to the small pox, and the remainder to the sword, the bayonet, and whisky; all of which means of their death and destruction have been introduced and visited upon them by acquisitive white men; and by white men also, whose forefathers were welcomed and embraced in the land where the poor Indian met and fed them, with 'ears of green corn and with pemican.' Of the two millions remaining alive at this time, about 1,400,000 are already the miserable victims and dupes of the white man's cupidity, degraded, discouraged, and lost, in the bewildering maze that is produced by the use of whisky, and its concomitant vices; and the remaining number are yet unroused and unenticed from their wild haunts, or their primitive modes, by the dread or love of the white man and his allurements."

In his description of these people, we travel with the author a vast way from the civilised world; wending our road from the city of New York over the Alleghany, far beyond the mighty Missouri, and even to the base of the Rocky Mountains, some two or three thousand miles from the Atlantic coast. The natives of these countries Mr. Catlin considers to be, in their primitive state, honest, hospitable, faithful, brave, warlike, cruel, revengeful, relentless,—yet honourable, contemplative, and religious beings. But the Indian's misfortune has consisted chiefly in our ignorance of his true native character and disposition, which has always held us at a distrustful distance from him; inducing us to look upon him as a foe, and worthy only of that system of continued warfare and abuse, that has been for ever waged against him. Mr. Catlin

has associated with some three or four hundred thousand of these people, under an almost infinite variety of circumstances; and he pronounces them a kind and hospitable nation: he has been welcomed generally in their country, and treated to the best they could give him, without any charge for his board; they have escorted him through their enemies' country at some hazard to their own lives, and aided him in passing mountains and rivers with his awkward baggage; yet, under all these circumstances of exposure, he does not remember that any Indian ever betrayed him, struck him a blow, or stole from him a shilling's worth of property. This is saying much, but not more than our traveller's narrative proves, in favour of the virtues of these people; when it is borne in mind that there is no law in the land to punish a man for theft—that locks and keys are not known in the country—that the commandments have never been divulged amongst them; nor can any human retribution fall upon the head of a thief, save the disgrace attached to his character, in the eyes of the people about him. Yet, in these little communities, Mr. Catlin has often beheld peace and happiness, and quiet, reigning supreme, for which even kings and emperors might envy them. He has seen rights and virtue protected, and wrongs redressed; and conjugal, filial, and paternal affection, in the simplicity and contentedness of nature. He has formed warm and enduring attachments to some of these simple-minded people, who have taken our traveller to their hearts; and in their final separation have embraced him, and commended him and his affairs to the keeping of the Great Spirit.

The four opening letters are dated from the Mouth of Yellow Stone, Upper Missouri, and describe the country, buffalo-hunting, &c. We pass from these to the fifth letter, illustrated by the prefixed portrait of the

CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET.

There were encamped about the fort a host of wild, incongruous spirits—chiefs and sachems—warriors, braves, and women and children of different tribes—of Crows and Blackfeet, Ojibbeways, Assineboins, and Crees or Knisteneaux. In the midst of them, with paint-pots and canvas, Mr. Catlin snugly ensconced himself in one of the bastions of the fort, which he occupied as a painting-room. His easel stood before him, and the cool breech of a twelve-pounder made him a comfortable seat, whilst her muzzle was looking out of one of the port-holes. The operations of the brush were mysteries to these red sons of the prairie; and the room, the earliest and latest place of concentration of these wild and jealous spirits, who all met here to be amused, and pay the painter signal honours; but gazed upon each other with side-long looks of deep-rooted hatred and revenge among the group. However, whilst in the fort, their weapons were placed within the arsenal, and nought but looks and thoughts could be passed; but death and destruction would be dealt among these wild spirits, when they again were loosened free to breathe and act upon the plains.

The original of the Engraving is the head chief of the Blackfoot nation; and we have selected him from among the portrait illustrations, (as numerous as at any Royal Academy exhibition,) from the almost incredible richness, taste, and elegance of the dress of the tribe of which this chief is a noble representative,—good-looking and dignified. Whilst sitting for his picture, he was surrounded by his own braves and warriors, and also gazed at by his enemies, the Crows and Knisteneaux, Assineboins, and Ojibbeways; a number of distinguished persons of each of which tribes lay all day around the sides of the room, reciting to each other the battles they had fought, and pointing to the scalp-locks worn as proofs of their victories,

and attached to the seams of their shirts and leggings. This was a curious scene to witness, when the painter sat in the midst of such inflammable and combustible materials, brought together, unarmed, for the first time in their lives; peaceably and calmly recounting the deeds of their lives, and smoking their pipes upon it, when a few weeks or days would bring them on the plains again, when the war-cry would be raised, and their deadly bows be again drawn on each other.

The name of the above dignitary is *Stu-mick-o-sucks*, (the buffalo's back fat,) i. e. the "hump," or "fleece," the most delicious part of the buffalo's flesh.

"There are no tribes, perhaps, on the continent, who dress more comfortably and more gaudily than the Blackfeet, unless it be the tribe of Crows. There is no great difference, however, in the costliness or elegance of their costumes; nor in the materials of which they are formed; though there is a distinctive mode in each tribe, of stitching or ornamenting with the porcupine-quills, which constitute one of the principal ornaments of all their fine dresses; and which can be easily recognized by any one a little familiar with their modes, as belonging to such or such a tribe. The dress, for instance, of the chief just portrayed, consists of a shirt or tunic made of two deer-skins, finely dressed, and so placed together with the necks of the skins downwards, and the skins of the hind legs stitched together, the seams running down on each arm, from the neck to the knuckles of the hand: this seam is covered with a band of two inches in width, of very beautiful embroidery of porcupine's quills; and suspended from the under edge of this, from the shoulders to the hands, is a fringe of the locks of black hair, which the chief has taken from the heads of victims slain by his own hand in battle. The leggings are made also of the same material; and down the outer side of the leg, from the hip to the feet, extends also a similar band or belt of the same width; wrought in the same manner with porcupine-quills, and fringed with locks of hair which are procured from scalps, and worn as trophies. The scalp is procured by cutting out a piece of the skin of the head, the size of the palm of the hand, or less, containing the very centre or crown of the head; the place where the hair radiates from a point, and exactly over what the phenologists call self-esteem. This patch is then kept, and dried with great care, as proof positive of the death of an enemy, and evidence of a man's claims as a warrior: and after having been formally 'danced,' as the saying is, (i. e. after it has been stuck upon a pole, and held up by an old woman, and the warriors have danced round it for two or three weeks at intervals,) it is fastened to the handle of a lance, or the end of a war-club, or divided into a great many small locks, and used to fringe and ornament the victor's dress. When these dresses are seen bearing such trophies, it is, of course, a difficult matter to purchase them of the Indians, for they often hold them above all price.

"In this chief's dress, are his mocassins, made also of buckskin, and ornamented in a corresponding manner: and over all, his robe made of the skin of a young buffalo bull, with the hair remaining on; and on the inner or flesh side, beautifully garnished with porcupine-quills, the battles of his life are very ingeniously, though rudely, depicted. In his hand he holds a very beautiful pipe, the stem of which is four or five feet long, and two inches wide, curiously wound with braids of the porcupine-quills of various colours; and the bowl of the pipe ingeniously carved by himself of a piece of red steatite, said to be procured between the Mouth of Yellow Stone and the Falls of St. Anthony, on the head waters of the Mississippi. This curious stone has many peculiar qualities, and has, undoubtedly, but one origin in this country, and perhaps in the world. It is found but in the hands of the savage; and every tribe, and nearly every individual in the tribe, has a pipe made of it. There are many remarkable traditions relating to the sacred quarry, and of pilgrimages made there to procure the stone." (It seems, from all Mr. Catlin can learn, that all the tribes in these regions, and also of the Mississippi and the Lakos, have been in the habit of going to this quarry, and there meeting their enemies, whom they are

obliged to treat as friends, under an injunction of the Great Spirit.)

This dignified chief is armed with bow and quiver, lance and shield. Indeed, these north-western tribes are all armed with the bow and lance, and protected with the shield or arrow fender, which is carried outside the left arm, exactly as the Roman and Grecian shield was carried, and for the same purpose. There is an appearance purely classic in the plight and equipment of these warriors and "knights of the lance." They are almost literally always on their horses' backs, and they wield these weapons with desperate effect upon the open plains; where they kill their game while in full speed, and contend in like manner in battles with their enemy. There is one prevailing custom in these respects, amongst all the tribes who inhabit the great plains or prairies of these western regions. These plains afford them abundance of wild and fleet horses, which are easily procured; and on their backs, at full speed, they can come alongside any animal, which they easily destroy. The bow which they use is small, and apparently an insignificant weapon, though one of almost incredible power in the hands of its owner, whose sinews have been from childhood habituated to its service. The length of these bows is generally three feet, and sometimes not more than two feet and a half; it being desirable to get the requisite power in the smallest compass possible, for convenience of handling on horseback. The bows are made of ash, lined on the back with layers of buffalo or deer sinews, which are inseparably attached to them, and give them great elasticity. There are many also, (among the Blackfeet and the Crows,) which are made of bone, and others of the horn of the mountain-sheep. Those of bone are most valuable, and are worth the price of one or two horses. The bone of which they are made is certainly not that of any animal now grazing on the prairies, or in the mountains between the mouth of Yellow Stone and the Pacific Ocean: many of the bows are of a solid piece of bone, close-grained, hard, white, and as highly polished as ivory; which cannot be from the elk's horn, (as some have supposed,) which is of a dark colour and porous; nor can it come from the buffalo. Mr. Catlin, therefore, infers that the Indians on the Pacific coast procure the bone from the jaw of the sperm whale, which is often stranded there; and bringing this bone into the mountains, they trade it to the Blackfeet and Crows, who manufacture it into these bows, without knowing any more than we do from what source it has been procured. Mr. Catlin then reverts to the shield, or arrow fender, in his opinion, made of similar materials, and used in the same way, as was the *clypeus* or small shield in the Roman and Grecian cavalry. It was, in their days, employed as a means of defence on horseback only, and made small and light, of bull's hides, single, double, or tripled. Such was Hector's shield, and those of most of the Homeric heroes of the Greek and Trojan wars. In those days were darts, or javelins and lances; the same were also used by the Ancient Britons; and such exactly are now in use among the Arabs and North American Indians.

"In this wise, then, are all of these wild red knights of the prairie, armed and equipped,—and, while nothing can possibly be more picturesque and thrilling than a troop, or war-party of these fellows, galloping over these green and endless prairies; there can be no set of mounted men of equal numbers so effective and so invincible in this country, as they would be, could they be inspired with confidence of their own powers, and their own superiority: yet this never can be done;—for the Indian, as far as the name of white man has travelled, and long before he has to try his strength with him, is trembling with fright and fear of his approach; he hears of white man's arts and artifice—his tricks and cunning,

and hundred instruments of death and destruction—he dreads his approach, shrinks from him with fear and trembling—his heart sickens, and his pride and courage wither, at the thoughts of contending with an enemy whom he thinks may war and destroy with weapons of *medicine* or mystery."

Here we must quit "the Gallery," and Mr. Catlin's very interesting *Letters and Notes*, for the present, but speedily to return to them: for, it is long—very long,—since we have encountered such generous enthusiasm, such high chivalrous bearing, and holier far than all, such sound benevolence of heart, and pure philanthropy,—as are to be recognized in each of Mr. Catlin's five hundred pages yet in store for the gratification of the reading public. And, as we were among the earliest to recommend this valuable Collection to public attention, so we hope long to continue our advocacy of its claims upon universal patronage. To artists and admirers of the classic and picturesque; to naturalists and lovers of nature; and to the students of ethnography and the aboriginal history of man; we need scarcely commend this Exhibition, since it is already appreciated by thousands of these intellectual classes. Further, in proof of its universal interest, we unhesitatingly avow that there is not a man, woman, or child in the kingdom but will be fascinated by this unique assemblage of the characteristics of their species.

FROM THE PREFACE TO "THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES," A NOVEL.

I KNOW not how this simple tale
May suit the fashion, or prevail

In general estimation;
I can but leave it to its fate,
And, since the world all speculate,
I'll have *my* speculation.

Sometimes, I own, I greatly fear
My gentle heroine may appear
Too many tame and dull;
She's neither talented, nor great,
Nor born to an immense estate,
Nor even beautiful.

Simple and quiet as her name,
A splendid match is not her aim,
Nor does she seek to rise
To rank, or wealth, or power on earth—
Such things to one are little worth,
Whose hope is in the skies.

"What, have you made her then a *saint*?"
Some fair one cries, about to faint
At such a dreadful book—

"A wiser thing you would have done,
To wed her to the younger son
Of some expiring duke.

"You might have made her love him long,
Through persecution, grief, and wrong,
(The youngest of four brothers);
She should have braved him for the loss
Of wealth, and called it dirty dross;
(You could have *killed* the others)."

"You might have made her soul divine,
Her face angelic—figure fine—
Her foot so wondrous small,
As to produce a pleasing doubt
How she contrived to walk about,
Or, if she walked at all!

"Though poor, she should be always dressed
In silks or satins of the best,
Her hair adorned with pearls;
She should refuse, with proper spirit,
Three country gentlemen of merit,
One marquess, and two earls.

"And then, when you had made her bear
All sorts of misery and despair,
You should lay on your steam;
Make a railroad concussion first;
Then a few steam-boat boilers burst;
Both these would graphic seem.

"You might just set a house on fire,
And raise your hero's fame still higher,
(That incident *would* take!)
By making him rush in, and try
To save his family, who die
Just handy for his sake.

"Thus you might kill each elder brother—
Boil one—bake one—and crush another—
And join your faithful pair;
Then, if you felt inclined to do so,
Wind up with raptures, cake, and trousseau,
And drop the curtain there."

The Armourer of Paris.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. I.—How Perinet met Queen Isabelle's lover at Vincennes.

THROUGHOUT the historical annals of the middle ages of France, there is not a period more fraught with dreary images of oppression, uncertainty, and distress, than the reign of the unfortunate monarch, Charles VI. Beloved by his people, in the first instance, to a degree that caused the appellation *Le Bien Aimé* to be added to his name, his mental aberration was felt as doubly severe by his subjects, inasmuch as the power assumed by others during his insanity was harsh, selfish, and oppressive; and the contending factions by which the country was divided, stirred up perpetual feuds in the bosoms of her highest families.

Although the Salic law precluded the absolute government of a woman, yet the proud determined spirit of Isabelle de Bavière, in many instances, carried all before her; and on the other side, the arrogance of those who held the passive and unconscious monarch in their toils, was at times equally adequate to the performance of the fullest prerogatives of sovereignty. Nor did this civil dissension spread its influence over the aristocracy alone. The *bourgeoisie* of France, and more especially of Paris, whilst each advocated the cause of D'Armagnac or of Bourgogne, introduced the spirit of discord to their own hearths, oftentimes causing the most bitter enmities between those who were bound together the closest by every tie of consanguinity and affection. The vintage remained uncareed for, the land assumed a barren and deserted aspect, the whole face of the country appeared to be suffering under the curse of an interdict; and the people, already impoverished by the demands wrung from them for the luckless contest of Azincour, and ground down by new imposts, daily murmured in secret, as they awaited only a fitting occasion to break out into open revolt.

Things stood thus, when, one spring morning, whilst the deep obscurity that reigns over the hour or two immediately preceding the break of day, still slung its dark veil around the towers and ramparts of the castle of Vincennes, a solitary individual cautiously proceeded in the direction of that edifice, along the straggling road which conducted to the city of Paris, distant some three or four miles. Although mantled in a large cloak, which partially concealed his form and costume, he had the bearing of an high-born and courtly cavalier. And when the dancing gleam of the lantern which he displayed from time to time, although but for a second or two, when any

obstacle arose to his progress, reflected its bright ray from some white and aged pollard, upon his countenance, it might have been observed that his face was rich in manly bearing and intellectual expression; and the occasional displacement of his mantle, as it caught on the protruding branches of the trees that bordered his route, discovered that his garments were of fine and costly texture. Stealthily and silently as he proceeded, there appeared little to disturb his progress, for all around him was still as death. At times, the distant bay of a hound, aroused by some nocturnal intruder, broke the silence; or the more approximating challenge of the men-at-arms upon the ramparts, echoed through the woody park that surrounded the castle. Yet did the cavalier proceed with the greatest caution. Not a leaf fell rustling through the underwood in its course towards the ground—not a scared owl flew whooping from its covert,—but he grasped the handle of his sword, and hurriedly turned his light in the direction whence the sounds proceeded.

As he approached the château, whose lofty and irregular turrets now rose in indistinct gloom before him, he became aware, for the first time, that some one was following. A light in one of the upper apartments of the castle threw a faint gleam over the greensward, in front of the low wall which encircled the fosse, by which he perceived the outline of a figure, closely mantled as himself, moving with apparently the same caution towards the spot where he stood.

To extinguish the lamp he carried was the work of a moment; and then, drawing his sword, he rested against the wall, and watched the movements of the other party. But the new comer did not seem inclined to act on the offensive. On the contrary, he drew back a few steps; and finding his progress impeded by a huge oak, calmly folded his arms, and leaning against it, appeared to await the other's pleasure to commence a parley. The cavalier was evidently at a loss as to what course he should pursue. He moved onwards, still keeping close to the wall of the fosse, and his unknown follower immediately left the tree, and occupied the spot which the other had just deserted. Again they watched each other for a short time in mistrustful silence, which the cavalier was the first to break.

"Hollo, my master!" he cried in a low voice, as if careful that its sound should not reach the castle. "Will you please to change your route, or will you take the precedence?"

"Wherefore either one or the other?" demanded the stranger, bluntly.

"Because," returned the cavalier, as he contemptuously eyed the evidently inferior apparel of his companion,

"Because my blood is not sufficiently ennobled to require that a squire should wait upon me; and if I chose to be followed by a page, I would select one of more creditable appearance."

"By my faith, messire," answered the other composedly, "the provost would have a hard matter to choose between us. Nevertheless, I shall not change my road, because the one I am following leads to where I am going, and finishes at this spot. At the same time, I do not wish to hinder your journey."

"Mine finishes here also," replied the cavalier. "Is it not enough to tell you at once that I do not want your company?"

"Nor I yours," was the dogged retort.

"When this tone is assumed towards me," exclaimed the first speaker, advancing towards the intruder, "it must be sustained at the sword's point! Guard yourself, my master!—the night is not so dark but I can see to use a sword."

As he approached, the new comer leaped suddenly towards him, and seized his arm. "Hold, for an instant,

I beseech you," he exclaimed; "I have not come here to fight, nor have I the time to spare.—The Chevalier Bourdon!" he added in astonishment, as he recognised the features of his adversary.

"Ha!" cried the other, drawing his poignard with his left hand, "you know me then! Who art thou?"

"Leave your blade in its sheath, monseigneur," was the reply, "or you will regret having used it. I am called Perinet Leclerc. My father is an *échevin* of our good city, and keeper of the keys of the Porte St. Germain."

"You are the armourer, if I mistake not, of the Petit Pont?"

"The same, Sir. I sold you that bright harness which you wore at the last tourney, when Madame Isabelle, our gracious queen, crowned you with her own fair hands."

"And what seek you at the castle of Vincennes?" asked the young courtier. "Are you ignorant, Perinet, that at this time of the night no one has right of entry, whatever his rank may be? Are you ignorant that all the gates are closed, and the drawbridges raised?"

"I am not more ignorant of all this than yourself, monseigneur," answered the armourer; "and yet you are here also!"

"How then do you expect to obtain admission?"

"At the spot where you now stand, I can descend into the fosse, which is dry. By means of the rough masonry opposite, I can scale the wall; and by the rampart above, where no sentinel is stationed, I can enter the castle. It appears to me that we have interrupted each other at the commencement of the same journey, *beau sire*."

"You have acted foolishly, in thus placing yourself as a spy upon my actions," said Bourdon angrily. "Had I not been certain, Perinet, that you were honest and loyal, a stroke of my dagger would before this have laid you at my feet, as a spy of the constable D'Armagnac."

"A spy of D'Armagnac!" exclaimed Perinet hastily. "Ah, Sir, you little know me, if you harbour such a thought, were it only for an instant. But you shall be undeceived. I will confess to you a project, of which my own father is unconscious. A spy of the constable! It is he that has separated me from my betrothed."

"What mean you?" asked the cavalier.

"You shall hear. Marie has been brought up by Madame Bourdichon, the wife of a pewterer; a good and honest bourgeois, who took her when she was quite an infant; for she is poor, monseigneur, and has no relation in the world. The house which they inhabit is close to the dwelling of the constable,—the Hôtel St. Paul; so close, indeed, that the Count D'Armagnac must pass the shop either to go out from or return to his abode."

"They see a brilliant *cortège*, then, when he goes abroad," observed Bourdon.

"Alas! my lord; his splendid equipage has partly caused my trouble. Marie was never tired of gazing at it; and with girlish delight, whenever she heard the tramp of horses in the court, she always left her work, and flew to the door, joyous and delighted as a child. One day, the constable observed her by chance, and she immediately attracted his notice. I do not wonder at it, for few saw her who did not admire her. When I called that day at the usual hour, I found the old people sad and pensive. I learnt that in my absence, a man had been there in the name of the Count D'Armagnac, offering to place Marie in the service of a great lady, who could insure her an enviable fortune. Judge my agony when I learnt, that frightened by his threats, or dazzled by his promised grandeur, they had allowed Marie to depart with him."

"And you have not seen her since?"

"I will tell you, monseigneur. I passed a month—a

long, long month—in seeking her vainly, without ascertaining what had become of her. One night, when I returned home, comfortless and broken-hearted, I found a neighbour at my house, one Madame Josselin, who had just returned from Vincennes, where she had been selling a great number of jewels to the queen. She gave me a ring—it was Marie's—one I had given her, which she always wore. I then knew where she was concealed, but I passed twenty days at the castle, without being able to meet her. Yesterday morning, by pure chance, I entered the chapel. The queen was engaged at her devotions, and you were kneeling at her side. A lady of her suite approached me, and whispered: 'To-morrow, an hour before day-break, in this place, we will fly together.' It was herself that spoke, my lord, and I am here to meet her."

"Give me your hand, *mon brave*," said Bourdon, drawing off his jewelled glove, and grasping the rough palm of the armourer in his own; "if, like you, I was deeply in love, I would envy you, Perinet, for you can carry off her you adore; whilst I—but no matter," he continued quickly. "*Allons*, we must descend."

"I am ready," said Perinet, divesting himself of his cloak, which, together with Bourdon's, he flung over the fosse.

"When we have gained the rampart," said the young courtier, "we must separate. If you turn to the right, you will find a short passage that will conduct you to the chapel. You must follow its course in deep silence—you must not even breathe aloud, or the guard will hear you. *Bon courage*, and God protect you."

"And you, also, monseigneur," rejoined his companion.

"Do you hear aught stirring?" asked Bourdon. "It is about the time that the guard makes the round of the castle."

"All is quiet," replied Perinet.

"So, then—now for the venture," said the cavalier, as he crossed the low wall, and cautiously descended into the fosse. "Place your foot to the right; you will feel a projecting stone, which affords safe resting."

"*Pardieu!*" exclaimed the armourer, as he followed Bourdon's directions: "it is not the first time that you have made this journey, monseigneur; you know the road too well."

"Perinet," cried the other, from the fosse, "on your life, let no word ever escape your lips touching our meeting of to-night;—I implore it."

"You need not fear me, Sir," replied the other, as he reached the ground. "Ha!" he added hurriedly, "down! down upon your face! the patrol is approaching!"

ALBERT.

THE EMIGRANTS' DEPARTURE.

THE morn arose in dewy freshness bright,
And sparkling gems of beauty gaily shone
In flowrets fair, all laughing 'neath the light
Of the glad sun, as from his cloudless throne
He smiled upon the earth, and o'er the sea,
Diffusing joy, that met responding glee.

That glowing morn, as o'er an azure sky
It shed its splendour, and its beauty fair,—
So calm the hour,—the wind's low murmuring sigh
Scarce wak'd an echo with its morning prayer;
But seem'd to fade, in plaintive music mild,
O'er Scotia's highland hills, and woodlands wild.

A lowly band of highland wand'ers then
With wistful eyes looked back upon their home,—
Their native home, in that sequestered glen
Where they in youthful days had loved to roam;

All now seem joyous, beautiful, and fair,
As when they pluck'd the wild flowers blooming there.

Silent they gaze o'er each familiar scene,
And retrospective linger o'er the past;—
Each well-known path, each lonely haunt, I ween
Recalls remembrance of some joy o'ercast;
Shedding around their dreams of days once bright,
The gayest visions of unmixed delight.

Then busy thought reviews those youthful days
When merry laughter made the woods resound;
When joyously they climbed yon heath'ry braes,
And leapt from crag to crag with easy bound;
Or made the forest echo with their glee,
While warbling forth their mountain melody.

Bright visions of departed hours arise,
Reviving thoughts that long in slumber lay;
While mem'ry paints, in all her thousand dyes,
The treasured fondness of a bygone day;
When dreams and thoughts of love were whispered free,
In all the native warmth of life's simplicity.

And thoughts of long-lost friends—of loved ones, throw
A gleam of sadness o'er that parting hour,
Deepening, anon, to grief's subduing glow,
That fills their hearts with its too saddening power:
They part from all, e'en from their kindred's grave,
And go to find their own beyond the wave.

They turned away, and mournful feelings wild
Broke forth in tears from many an aching heart;
Then parents wept o'er many a weeping child,
And felt in anguish what it is to part
From friends and home, where they had passed those days
That memory loves to gild with brightest rays.

They turned away, and bade a last adieu
To scenes endeared by nature's fondest tie;
Each well-known haunt no more shall meet their view;
No more they'll tread beneath fair Scotia's sky;
Yet memory still shall fondly linger o'er
Their native land, though they return no more.

Edinburgh.

A. W.*

A CHAPTER OF BLUNDERS.

MORE drolleries are uttered unintentionally than by premeditation: there is no such thing as being droll "to order." One evening, a lady said to a small wit, "Come, Mr. —, tell us a lively anecdote," and the poor fellow was mute during the remainder of the evening. "Favour me with your company on Wednesday evening, you are such a lion," said a weak party-giver to a young author: "I thank you," replied the wit, "but on that evening I am engaged to eat fire at the Countess of —, and stand upon my head at Mrs. —."

It is but a step from the real to the ridiculous; and titles of books, and their contents, have given rise to many oddities of this class. Every one who has read Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, must remember the noble poet's thunder at reviewers, in the opening canto, and the line—

"I've bribed my grandmother, the *British*."

Strange to say, in the next number of the *British Review*, the Editor solemnly assured his readers that he had received no bribe from Lord Byron, nor would he do so, but continue to criticise his Lordship's poetry, as he thought proper; and ever after, so long as the periodical continued in existence, it bore the *sobriquet* of "My Grandmother's Review." By the way, *Don Juan* has given rise to ano-

* We have made a few alterations in this communication, which, we hope, our Correspondent will consider emendations; as we were anxious to preserve his poetic effusion. With the like view, has been omitted the last stanza but one, as weakening the image by repetition.—ED. L. S. J.

ther droll mistake. One day, an old gentleman entered a printseller's shop, and gravely inquired for a portrait of Admiral Noah, as he had just set about illustrating *Don Juan*. Better known are the mistakes of the Agricultural Society ordering a copy of Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls*; and the Fleet-street bookseller, on being asked for the *Life of Sir Julius Cesar*, replying that he knew not that work, but he had *Cesar's Commentaries*.

Conventional terms lead to great absurdities. A girl inquiring of a stationer the price of a sheet of gold paper, and being surprised at its cost, was told by the shopman that he could "make" her sixpenny-worth: "have you none ready made?" was the naïve reply. A farmer, one day, asked the same tradesman for a Bible of a particular size, which not being in his stock, the farmer inquired whether one could not be "pranted" for him by next market-day. We do not expect the fair creation to be versed in the technicality of the law: so that the woman's inquiry whether she could not be removed from the Fleet prison to the King's Bench, by her own "hicksy-dicksey," (*ipse dixit*), is pardonable. No less ludicrous was the blunder of the ignorant imprisoned cockney pick-pocket, who called "habeas corpus" "a hap'orth of copperas," which is the slang of Newgate; or of the little thief who attributed his acquittal to an "inflammality" in the indictment. Of this class of technical blunderers is Miss Ramsbottom's hanging clothes upon the Lines at Chatham; the great disappointment at the snail's pace of the first Fly Wagon; and the child's wonder at the first sight of "a glass coach." Not the dullest of our acquaintance remembers when he read upon a building in St. George's Fields, "School for the Indignant Blind;" and the word "Scheme" in the lottery-bills puzzled him as sorely as it did those who expected a prize. The same simple-minded person burst into laughter at his first sight of a "Grand jurymen," whom he found to be of small stature instead of gigantic proportions. Probably, such an incident dictated poor Charles Mathews's anecdote of the foreman of the Irish jury excusing to the judge his ignorance of the word "scintillate," with "Please, my Lord, we're only a common jury."

Kings and official personages have strangely committed themselves, as well as other people. Think of the sovereignty of Persia, who inquired what sort of place America was—"underground, or how?" and of the greedy he or she who called fish "congealed water," and forbade the free eating of it, lest the supply for the royal table should fall short. George the Second preferred stale oysters for their superior flavour; and greatly admired Brentford for its resemblance to "Yarmouth." George the Third was not a whit more shrewd. The day of the last drawing-room of the season had arrived, and an admiral's lady (a handsome woman, by the way,) was to be presented, but was compelled to leave her gouty husband at home: the king noticed the new court beauty, and inquired after her lord, and their seat in Leicestershire: "fine place, fine place, that—who built it?" "Indigo Jones, please your majesty." "Indigo Jones, who's he—some great blue-maker, I suppose." "Yes, please your majesty." The lady returned home, and reported progress to the Admiral, asking, "how do you think I managed?" "why, I'll be hanged if I know which is the greatest fool, the king or you," was the churlish reply.

City butts have, for many generations, yielded an abundant flow of blunders; though we may perhaps have only the runnings from the lees of their drollery. "The City has always been the province for satire," says Addison; "and the wits of king Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign." Wilkes's idea of allowing

his opponents to take the sense of the ward, and beating them ten to one with the non-sense, was a piece of valuable experience. Not so, however, the lord mayor's reply to the question, why he did not send for the *posse comitatus* to quell the riots—because he did not know where the fellow lived. The late Sir William Curtis was, however, wholly misunderstood by the public; he was by no means the *ignoramus* represented in the newspapers, but a man of great shrewdness and good sense: and we have been assured by one who had often sat with him at civic tables, that neither of the other aldermen could keep up the ball of conversation with the judges and law officers, so cleverly as Sir William. His toast of "the three C's" (Cox, Cing, and Curtis), was a mere piece of fun; as was also, the toast of "Somerset House," after the health of two brothers had been drunk, as the "Adelphi:" the latter was quiet humour, and sly satire too.*

One hears droll blunders among the uneducated: as the gardener, who, on being asked his idea of felicity, replied that he supposed it to be a bulbous root; and Walpole's gardener, who, on being told to train some fruit-trees downward, replied, "Yes, sir, I understand, poetical like." We have heard some stupid persons talk of "Venetian blinds," "baboon canes," "decantering wine," "birds moultering." Some persons use "moral" for "model," as "the child is the very moral of his father," who may not have much morality to spare: this error is, however, a provincialism of the Midland Counties. "Taters" for "potatoes" has been ingeniously explained, by not considering "the fruit" potatoes, until they are put into the pot. "Successfully" for "successively," is not uncommon; as, "he did not pay my bill, though I called upon him several days successfully;" which is also a contradiction of terms.

Blunders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable, that if one actor stumble, another is almost sure to follow his example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his popular "At Home," was sure to make many blunders; perchance, from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated stage blunders once occurred in the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*; when one of the characters saw "a candle go along the gallery with a man in his hand," and another "locked the key, and put the door in her pocket." This is the place to mention the blunders in stage costume, which have turned some of the best actors into caricaturists. "How lately, (asks Mr. Planché,) have the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome strutted upon the stage in flowing perukes and gold-laced waistcoats?"

"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"

Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair."

It is hardly possible to imagine Roscius playing tragic heroes in a court-dress, and full-bottomed wig,—yet such was the fact; as in Valentine Green's fine whole-length portrait of Garrick, (after Zoffany,) playing *Macbeth* in a full court-dress, embroidered with lace, &c.; and more resembling a knight of the shoulder-knot than the murdered Thane of Glamis. Again, when John Kemble first appeared in *Hamlet*, he played the part in a modern court-dress of rich black velvet, with a star on the breast, the garter and ribbon pendant of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the hair in powder, which, in the scenes of feigned distraction, flowed dishevelled in

* A memoir of Sir W. Curtis, written in 1823, concludes as follows: "his convivial disposition has gained him many friends in the City, even among those who do not approve of his political conduct; and, although many of his jokes have been instanced as proofs of illiteracy, yet he is a man of extraordinary shrewdness, and great knowledge of the world."

front, and over his shoulders.* Although John Kemble countenanced these absurdities, he began their reform; which was taken up by his brother Charles, and is, at this moment, being elaborately carried out by Macready.

Habit makes many blunderers: as the clerk at the Chapel Royal, at Brighton, (who was also the town-crier,) in giving out notice of a charity sermon, said, "the sale," instead of "the service," would begin at eleven o'clock. Affectation of certain fine phrases almost amounts to blundering: as, being taken at a "nonplush," not knowing an "iota" of the matter—a phrase as popular as it is classical. A carpenter, too, having a bill to pay, declared he should be "annihilated" if he did not make up the money. Sense is often sacrificed to sound in singing: we once heard of "the bright herb (orb) of day;" probably *thyme* was meant. Errors of the plural are popular; as, "*waiter*, where are my, *negus*?" Half-educated persons have a sovereign contempt for the diphthong: how often does one hear that very classic club, and periodical work, "the Athenæum," called "Athenæum:" possibly these linguists are right; for, seeing two letters made into one, they think it should be as *short* in pronunciation as possible.

Show-folks are privileged blunderers. But, reader, you must not mistake for blunders the wonderful discrepancies between the figures on their painted cloths, and the realities within the caravan: these differences are *for the nonce*. Walpole had some experience in the deceit of these traps, when he said: "I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up." "All is fair on fair-day," says the proverb, and language is not spared; but, at our Zoological Gardens, we did not expect to hear the Thibet Bear called "Tippet Bear," from his rough mane hanging like a tippet about his neck.

ALI-QUIZ.

New Books.

THE CASTLES AND ABBEYS OF ENGLAND. BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.—PART I.

THIS work promises the results of much antiquarian search and topographical gleaning, in an elegant and popular form. It is somewhat oddly announced as "The Castles and Abbeys of England, including Royal Palaces, Baronial Halls, Mansion-Houses," &c. The portion before us, describing Arundel Castle, is rather more floridly written than suits our grave taste, as the opening paragraph: "The Castles and Abbeys of England may be justly regarded as the great fixed land-marks in her history. They stand like monumental pillars in the stream of time, inscribed with the names of her native chivalry and early hierarchy, whose patriotic deeds and works of piety they were raised to witness and perpetuate. * * * We linger in their feudal courts, and muse in their deserted sanctuaries, with emotions which we can hardly define; in the one, our patriotism gathers strength and decision; in the other, that piety of which it (?) is the outward evidence, sheds a warmer influence on the heart." Then, we have rather too much of "the mouldering gates of our ancestors," "cradles of liberty," "mutilated altars of our religion," and "the crumbling sepulchres of our forefathers, pregnant with an interest which no other source could afford." We are concerned to make these objections *in limine*; but this style of writing is over-

* Still, Hamlet is incorrectly dressed: it should be Danish, and of the twelfth century; whereas the usual stage costume is such as is worn at the present day in Spain.

ambitious, inflated, and not suited to the reading taste of the day: a little *toning down* would materially improve the opening address; from which we learn, that the present work originated in a suggestion of the late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland: this circumstance we mention on account of the close resemblance of the design to William Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places*; which work, we are happy to learn, has been very successful.

The narrative commences with a glance at the history of Arundel and its Castle; and here, although we have no wish to raise antiquarian dust with the author, we beg to protest against the *earliest* recorded notice of Arundel occurring in the will of Alfred. It were surely worth while to have glanced at the locality during the British and Roman period of its history; for it presents many interesting points for investigation. At or near Arundel, Leman has placed the Roman station *Ad Decimum*. At High Down, four miles east of Arundel, there is a small square camp; Amberley, four miles north of Arundel, is supposed, by Horsly, to have been the site of the *Andersium* of the geographer of Ravenna; and at Avisford, between Chichester and Arundel, remains indicative of Roman occupation were discovered in 1817. With these evidences in the neighbourhood, we can scarcely be content with the ninth century as the earliest epoch of the importance of Arundel; and, assuming natural position to be the best guide for antiquarian investigation, we do not willingly accord to Alfred the priority of taking advantage of the site of Arundel as a post of defence. Its situation upon a commanding declivity of the north-west bank of the Arun river, at a very short distance from its *débouchement* into the sea, could scarcely have been overlooked by the Romans in fortifying their occupation of this coast; abundant and splendid as are the remains of the works of this mighty people elsewhere throughout the line. In connexion with this inquiry, also, is the inference that the sea once washed the castle walls, as anchors and other marine implements have been found near it; but, of this circumstance we find no mention in Dr. Beattie's book. He appears to disdain the excellent maxim of "begin at the beginning," and is satisfied with the school starting-posts, Alfred the Great, and William the Conqueror: his stock authority is evidently Tierney's modern History of Arundel; and of whose acumen we entertain no very exalted opinion, from his inclining to *Hirondelle* as the etymon of Arundel, when its position upon the river Arun is natural and satisfactory.

Leaving what Dr. Beattie terms "the labyrinth of fable," and turning to "the broad noon of history," we do not consider the castle keep very minutely described; for, in the same page, we are told that it was "circular," and "nearly circular" in form; and although we find noticed "the peculiar privilege" of the castle "in conferring the title of Earl on its possessor," it should have been stated, that "this instance of a peerage attached to the tenure of a house is now an anomaly. In 11 Henry VI. it was decided that the tenure of the Castle of Arundel alone, without any creation, patent, or investiture, constituted its possessor Earl of Arundel." (Nicolas's *Synopsis of the Peerage*, 27; Cruise's *Digest*, 3 vols., 152; Report of the Lords' Committee respecting Peerage, 1820.) Now, this neatly-compiled information is from no rare or expensive book, but from the cheapest and best Cyclopædia of the day; wherein it is likewise mentioned, that the keep of Arundel Castle is the *most perfect in England*, a fact overlooked by Dr. Beattie.

It is difficult to say for what grade of readers "The Castles and Abbeys" is intended; but, if designed for the drawing-room, it has few recommendations beyond fine paper, print, and illustration, and Dr. Beattie's profes-

sional reputation for his attendance "upon a late illustrious personage." Even the taste of drawing-room readers takes a higher range of inquiry than the work before us presents; and the slip-slop of romantic history, and the gossip of guides, too abundant in its pages, will scarcely rise higher than the housekeeper's room. The Doctor has described an immense vault under the east end of the castle, and hear his reflections:

"This is the dismal receptacle in which the unhappy captive, whom the fortune of war had placed at the mercy of his feudal lord, or the culprit who had violated the laws, were shut up in miserable durance. Few can traverse the dreary vault without an involuntary shudder, as imagination conjures up the scenes of human agony that must have transpired unheard, unpitied, under the veil of its sepulchral darkness." Here, too, is a climax: "it is now used as a cellar—

But oft, in the dark and midnight watch,
As the sentry walks his round,
The wail of pain, and the clanking chain,
Send forth a dismal sound."

Really, this is the perfection of common-place penny-a-linear pathos, calculated to take thousands of tender hearts by storm; and how Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis overlooked such a field for their genius, we are at a loss to divine.

Here is another specimen of this lachrymose fustian. It appears that the late Duke, who was not over-staunch in his religious creed, converted the baronial chapel of the castle into a dining room, a metamorphosis which thus calls forth this consolation:

"The spot, however, where an altar had stood for centuries—at which so many generations had knelt in their joy or their sorrow; paid the tribute of gratitude in prosperity; implored succour in adversity; at which the marriage benediction, the baptismal rite, the solemn service for the dead, had been so long and often celebrated; such a spot, however transformed by the hand of man, to whatever secular purposes converted, possesses that inherent sanctity which no disguise can obliterate.

Unseen, a hallowed incense fills the air,
And mystic voices peal the notes of prayer:
Still round the shrine where once the virgin smil'd,
And kings and seraphs hailed the Saviour-Child,
A seraph watches with extended wing,
And angel-voices their songs of triumph sing."

What has this to do with Arundel Castle? The seraph, we fear, must have witnessed some very strange orgies in this very apartment, although the Doctor tells us that the great window of stained glass "still throws a religious light over the banquet"—its subject being Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—portraits of the late Duke and Duchess-Downer of Norfolk! By the way, was it in this room that the late Mr. Huddleston, (descended from Athelstane,) sat with the late Duke of Norfolk, discussing over the bottle, the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, until the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the Duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet—"Never," he hiccuped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddleston was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard."—"Well, then, my good old friend," said the good-natured Duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddleston; but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;" so saying, the Duke also took his place upon the floor. This racy anecdote is

not quoted from Dr. Beattie's work; but it outstrips his gossip about Lord Eldon and the owl. Pity 'tis that the Doctor has omitted the late Duke's practice of throwing choice cuts of meat from his dining-table upon the polished oaken floor, for his favourite dogs.

We find the celebrated baron's hall tolerably described; though we object to styling Edgington (or indeed Vandye himself), "a talented artist," for it is a vile phrase. The banquet in 1815, on the six hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta, June 15, is but imperfectly sketched: the bringing in of the baron of beef with a flourish of trumpets, the superb vases filled with perfumes, into which the guests dipped their handkerchiefs, and other costly items, are omitted; but we are told in such phraseology as we find reported of the Licensed Victuallers' Charity Dinner, that "the ball was opened by the Duke of Norfolk and the Marchioness of Stafford, late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, who kept up the dance, enlivened by admirable music, till one o'clock in the morning, when supper was announced, and the Sussex band struck up the patriotic air of 'The roast beef of Old England,' as an expressive welcome to the hospitable board." Then, here is a leap from reality to romance!—"The festal scene was continued till the mailed warriors, niched in the walls and casements, caught the morning light on their armour, when King John and Baron Fitzwalter appeared to signify, that, as the great charter was now fully ratified, lord and dame were at 'liberty' to retire, wishing

"To each and all a fair good night,
With rosy dreams and slumbers light."

But this was a fatal night for the duke himself: he gave up his own chamber to one of his distinguished guests, and by sleeping in an unaired bed, took cold, from which he never recovered; and he died in the following December.

In its progress we trust that "The Castles and Abbeys" will improve in style and tone of writing, which is, at present, very loose and unsatisfactory to an educated reader. The prospects from Hiorn's towers we know are enchanting; but they appear to have intoxicated Dr. Beattie, when he writes of "soft, pastoral hills," tracing their "bold outline on the sky," and "the shining meanders of the river Arun," &c. Again, we read of "the chapel and hermitage of St. James, an hospital for lepers, which was built after the thirteenth century for the reception of the unhappy outcasts who were afflicted with that loathsome malady,"—a very elliptical reference to leprosy.

Of the getting-up of this work, we are happy to speak in almost unqualified praise. We have a steel-plate view of Arundel Castle, with the river, and part of the town in the foreground, cleverly drawn by Allom. But the woodcuts, twenty-six in number, are superior: the bits of architecture and heraldry are very artistically chosen; and the landscape and interior vignettes picturesque and striking.

THE ETONIAN, AND GEOFFREY SELWOOD. BY
CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

Two neatly-written tales by the author of *The Child of the Atlantic* and *Ben Howard*, established favourites in the play-room. *The Etonian* shows the ill-effects of the license of a college life, in begetting habits of extravagance which sometimes lead to the waste of fortunes. The second tale, *Geoffrey Selwood*, reads a valuable lesson to a haughty spirit, and sets the services of true friendship in a very amiable light. The reverses of fortune, (which cannot be too early impressed upon youth,) are likewise strikingly illustrated.

CUPID A BUTTERFLY.

ANACREONTIC, FROM THE FRENCH OF CARDINAL DE BERNIS.

Jove wounded by young Cupid's dart,
 Gazed on him with an angry eye;
 And changed, by some Olympian art,
 The boy into a butterfly.

Each arm became an azure wing,
 His darts to slender limbs gave place;
 Turned to a gilded fluttering thing,
 Poor Cupid mourned his piteous case.

No longer with his bow supplied,
 Of hearts the treacherous god makes prize;
 But taking Pleasure for his guide,
 From flower to flower the urchin flies.

Jove in compassion, said at last:
 "Cupid, your punishment is o'er;
 I freely pardon all the past,
 But, mind, boy, you offend no more."

Once more, as in the olden time,
 His darts resumed their cruel stings;
 But, as a stigma of his crime,
 He's still compelled to carry wings.

And, fickle as the butterfly,
 Has Love continued since that day;
 He lights on flowers of fairest dye,
 An instant stops, then flies away.

G.

Varieties.

City Wit.—At the Royal Exchange banquet, at the Mansion-house, the Duke of Buckingham played the agreeable to Mrs. Pidgeon, which caused some civic wit to remark that they looked very much like a pair of turtle-doves. However this might be, the Duke had turtle before him, and a Pidgeon on his left hand. This is one of *John Bull's* plessantries, who enjoys a joke as well in his 1102nd as he did in his 1st number.

Food of the Western Australians.—Six sorts of kangaroo; twenty-nine sorts of fish; one kind of whale; two seals; wild dogs; three kinds of turtle; emus, wild turkeys, and birds of every kind; two species of opossum; eleven kinds of frogs; four kinds of fresh-water shell-fish; all salt-water shell-fish, except oysters; four kinds of grubs; eggs of every species of bird or lizard; five animals, somewhat smaller than rabbits; eight sorts of snakes; seven sorts of iguana; nine species of mice and small rats; twenty-nine sorts of roots; seven kinds of fungus; four sorts of gum; two sorts of manna; two species of the nut of the *Zamia* palm; two species of mesembryanthemum; two kinds of nut; four sorts of fruit; the flowers of several species of *Banksia*; one kind of earth, pounded and mixed with the root of the *mene*; the seeds of several leguminous plants.—*Grey's Australia.*

The Reception of the King of Prussia, at Greenwich, on the 21st ult. must have been a moving ceremony, from the *John Bull* report. The King had hardly placed his foot on English ground, when Prince Albert walked hastily forward, and grasping His Majesty's hand with the most ardent warmth, bade the Prussian King a cordial welcome to England. His Majesty was equally affected, and retained the Prince's hand for nearly half a minute in his own. The Prince, with a fine sense of feeling, that did him the highest honour, afterwards drew back, and advancing to the Duke of Wellington, who was some little distance behind, took his Grace by the hand, and presented him to the King, who, in the most earnest manner, grasped his Grace's hand, and hastily inquired after his health. These incidents were not lost upon the public, who cheered most vociferously. In short, it was clear from the manner in which the whole ceremony was conducted, that the people of England still love the pomp, and power, and pride of royalty, and

"To feast the eye with ceremonial greatness."

Rice Pudding.—Boil rice in a buttered mould, and set it in a dish; put round it a wall of preserved currants, with their syrup to cover the bottom. This is a simply elegant pudding.

The Crown of the Prince of Wales is stated in the newspapers to be richly adorned with jewels, and to be valued at 25,000*l.*; whereas, it is of pure gold, unadorned. On occasions of state, it is placed before the seat occupied by the Heir Apparent to the Throne in the House of Lords.

Inter-communication.—We hear much of the great benefits which our present facilities for local inter-communication have incurred upon mankind. Thus, indeed, has the distance which estranges man from man been abridged, and thus the whole human race have been made neighbours, if not kindred. By these means, the blessings of each particular country have been made common to all, and the treasures of the most distant lands brought within the reach of the humblest individual in our own. Thus, the person of our very pauper is clothed with cotton from the South; his morning meal cheered with tea from the East, and sweetened with sugar from the West; while his winter's evenings are illumined with the combustion of the produce of the North.—*What to Teach, and How to Teach it*; a clever brochure, unsparingly exposing the educational errors of the day.

The Royal Christening.—There is a discrepancy in the artists' names stated to have sketched the late Christening in St. George's Chapel. In the *Court Circular*, a Mr. Baxter and Mr. Hayter are given; but, in the newspapers, Sir W. Newton and Mr. Hayter. We perceive, however, that Mr. Baxter, who is the inventor and patentee of printing in oil colours, announces a picture of the Christening, executed by the above process, as a companion to his popular Coronation Picture. We are still in doubt whether Sir W. Newton was present to take sketches for a representation in miniature.

Game Laws are recognized in all phases—from savage life to the extremes of civilization. In Western Australia, a law forbids certain classes of natives eating particular articles of food; a restriction tantamount to game laws, which preserve certain choice and scarce articles of food from being so generally destroyed as those which are more abundant. In this country, too, the punishment of "trespass for the purpose of hunting," is invariably death, if taken in the fact; and, at least, an obstinate contest.—*Grey's Australia.*

A New Comet was discovered by Mr. J. Jennings, of South Pool, Devon, in the constellation Leo, on the 14th ult. The place of its perihelion is in 27 deg. 50 min. of Leo; its heliocentric motion retrograde, and, consequently, its orbit inclined towards the north-east part of the heavens: its parallax was very small, and therefore, the atmosphere must be exceedingly clear to render it visible to the naked eye. It had a small appendage, which proceeded from its atmosphere, and reflected the solar rays.

London is beginning to fill again; and in every quarter evidences of what is called the approaching season, are apparent. Gowns and wigs muster strong in the latitude of Temple-bar, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Holborn. *John Doe* in the Courts at Westminster, and elsewhere, abuses *Richard Roe* in good set terms—to which *Richard Roe*, by his chosen advocate, makes answer from day to day, as becomes him. The rectors of St. George, Hanover-square, and other fashionable places of worship, are coming back to occupy their respective pulpits. The saloons of the different club-houses are no longer void spaces, neither do the crossings in Pall-mall and St. James's-street lack well-shod feet to traverse them. To be sure there is still a scarcity of elegant equipages, and of bright eyes that shoot from them glances of love and joy—for the ladies, God bless them, linger beside their Christmas fire-sides, and small blame to them for doing so; still, here and there, looming large through the mist, a family chariot is seen to hold its course—the exterior panels of which show, perhaps, a coronet on each side, while the interior is fully occupied by one big dowager and two small pug-dogs. On the whole, therefore, we conceive that we are borne out in the assertion, that the mighty heart of London is beginning to revive, though we cannot hope that as yet the sounds of its pulsation will be heard at any great distance from the aorta.—*John Bull.*

Acis and Galatea.—This charming serenata by Handel, the poetry by Gay, was performed somewhat more than a century since, (in 1732,) at the Italian Opera-house, in English, by the Italian performers, who appeared in a kind of gallery. The public were to expect "no action on the stage; but the scene to represent, in a picturesque manner, a rural prospect, with rocks, groves, fountains, and grottoes; amongst which, to be disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds—habits and every other decoration suited to the subject." The serenata was repeated six nights to very full houses; and no person admitted without tickets, at 10s. 6d. each. Of the excellence of this performance we cannot speak in detail; but, in completeness, it could scarcely vie with the elaborate revival, by Mr. Macready, at Drury-lane Theatre. We believe it to be generally acknowledged, that by no singers in Europe is the music of Handel so well sung as by English vocalists; so that we have perfection in this department: the orchestral appointments are acknowledged to be alike perfect, and the choruses, for precision and poetic expression, have never been transcended on the British stage: the scenery, by Stanfield, the royal academican, has never been equalled, each scene combining the highest pictorial excellence with the perfection of scene-painting, in itself a distinct branch of the art; whereof the mechanical aids, and especially that of gas-lighting, contribute to complete the illusions. Nor must we forget the minute attention to the costume, mythological and mortal; its classicity and chasteness of colour materially aiding the *tout ensemble*. In short, never have we witnessed a piece so poetically produced upon our stage—so intellectually festive, and completely characteristic—as Macready's revival of *Acis and Galatea*.

Poetical Bequest.—Ducrow has left £600 to decorate his tomb at Kensal Green; and the interest of £200 to decorate the *bordure* of the tomb with flowers.

Absorbed in Grief.—The following passage from the novel, *A School for Wives*, powerfully describes a state of mind which not unfrequently accompanies the most acute degree of suffering: the heroine, we must explain, is sitting by the coffin of an only and beloved brother, who has fallen in a duel on her account:—"It was strange, and she often thought of it in after years, when she recollected, with a shuddering and fearful distinctness, the sensations of that dreadful night—the indelible impression that had been made on her mind by the most trivial outward circumstances, which she had hardly seemed to notice at the time. The pattern of the carpet—she never forgot the peculiar shape of the rings within rings that composed it—nor something resembling the profile of a countenance in one of the corners—nor the position of every separate piece of the fringe around the rug—some straight, like erect human figures tied round the middle—some bending forwards, some leaning towards each other—they were all as clearly pictured to her mind's eye, years afterwards, as though she saw them still. She remembered, too, tracing in fancy some faint marks on the wall, over and over again, and fixing her eyes upon a dark spot upon the cornice, and wondering how it came there, and what it was; and measuring internally the different sizes of the panels on the mahogany doors. All this she remembered distinctly afterwards; but, at the time, she was conscious of none of—she felt nothing but her grief."

Error in Persons.—Morat, in Switzerland, is celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Charles the Bold, in 1476; and a little chapel, filled with the bones of those that fell, bears this pithy inscription: "The army of Charles the Bold, besieging Morat, left this monument of its passage;" on seeing which, a Connemara gentleman observed, that "they might call him 'bold' here; but he was too timid in London, or he never would have popped his head out of Lord Melbourne's middle window, to lay it on the block. Many a time he had looked at it, (the window,) while knocking his heels at the Horse Guards." It is useless to explain: Mac confounded the Martyr of England with the daring Duke of Burgundy.—*School for Wives*.

Emigration.—The New Zealand Company have already dispatched 6,379 emigrants, of whom 5,725 were steerage passengers of the labouring class.

The Oldest Man in England.—In the parish register of St. Leonard Shoreditch, is entered, among the "Burialles, Thomas Cam, ye 22nd inst. of Januarye, 1588, Aged 207 years. Holywell Street, George Garrow, parish clerk." Surely, there must be a mistake here—as 2 for 1, in the number of years. However, thus it stands in the register; from which it appears that Cam was born in the year 1381, in the fourth of Richard II., living through the reign of that monarch; and throughout those of Henry IV., V., and VI., Edward IV. and V., Richard III., Henry VII. and VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and to the 30th of Elizabeth!

Water will cure all diseases which medicine can cure, and *this* when they are in a much more advanced stage than that at which drugs can act.—Belgian Physician; *Claridge on Hydropathy; or, the Cold Water Cure*.

The Drama.—The fact of two managers of minor theatres, recently deceased, leaving, one £60,000, and the other £27,000, proves that theatres, in *proper hands*, are not the worst speculations of the day.

Bathing.—No art has been so much vitiated in Europe, by theories, as the art of preserving health. Its professors, however, are beginning to recur to first principles; and, when the value of bathing shall be properly appreciated, three-fourths of the druggists will be obliged to close their shops.

Let no lady who desires to stand well with the gentlemen of England, and her own conscience, appear this season in attire which is not of home manufacture. Let every gentleman mark his sense of so righteous a taste, by paying his devoirs only to such of the fair sex as patronise the starving operatives of Great Britain.—*John Bull*.

The New Comedy of Marriage, performing at the Haymarket Theatre, is very properly shown up in the *Athenæum* as a so-so production, resembling "a masquerade. Each of the numerous *dramatis personæ* puts forth some pretensions to character, however slender—one utters a catch phrase, another is peevish, a third has a big nose, a fourth a lisp, a fifth wears a pig-tail, and so on—and the business of all seems to be to display mere peculiarities, and utter smart sayings, or unintelligible things, intended to be profound and pathetic. But nothing comes of all this: no new traits of human nature, no fresh phasis of society, nor scarcely any true portraits of men and manners, are exhibited. The old stage conventions are reproduced, as with another turn of the theatrical kaleidoscope—here, a reminiscence of *The School for Scandal*; there, a glimpse of *Money*—but without the dexterity of a practised hand. Such collocations of scenes and dialogue may amuse play-going folks—though the moral sentiment of *Marriage* is of a somewhat debased kind; but they scarcely deserve to be classed as dramas; being not so much emanations of mind, as efforts of ingenious craftsmen to vary an established formula of entertainment." This is somewhat severe, but just: of the screen scene from *The School for Scandal*, by the way, there is a palpable copy. Yet, this drama has been lauded to the skies, (or rather *flies*), by most of the newspapers. Thus turns the see-saw of criticism: *laudatur ab newspaperis; culpatur ab Athenæum*.

Wine.—An Irishman observed of Alsace, where excellent *vin ordinaire* cost only twenty sous the bottle—that "it was just the place where a prudent man could drink himself rich."

Antiquities.—A Connemara gentleman, (in the *School for Wives*), being pressed to visit the ruins of a Roman village, in Alsace, declined, observing:—"What novelty was a Roman village to him? Within twenty miles of his father's there was but one Protestant, and that was the parson; and his assistant was a Catholic, and, like the clerk of Ballyhain, when he finished at church, he served mass afterwards. Roman villages! he would be glad to know where there were any else, from one end of Connemara to the other."

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
W. BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Printed by J. Riler, 14, Bartholomew Close.